

LITERARY EXAMINER

From the London Dispatch.

"Good Bye!"

Farwell! Farwell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part—
"Tis a whispered tone—"tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words—"Good Bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the heart would teach.
When we grasp the hand of those
We would have forever sigh,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm, frank words—"Good Bye!"

The mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes thro' her tears, her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold words, "no farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives
Good-byes, boys, "Good Bye!"

Go watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its fire,
When the world is cold as the marble stone,
And the brow a passing stream,
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long—last "Good Bye!"

The New York Evening Post has received
from a friend a most interesting account of
"THE LAST MOMENTS OF TALLEYRAND," written by
one who was a witness and a participant in the
incidents he describes. We copy the account
at once, for it is one of the most interesting pa-
pers we ever read. The gentleman who furnished
it for publication vouches for the genuineness of
the document, and says that the writer (whose
name is given to the Post) is the wife of that
Secretary who received the last breath of a man
most remarkable in his time, and who according
to the testimony of these, his humble friends,
was one more sinned against than sinning.

It was scarcely four o'clock in the morn-
ing, May 17th, 1838, when I bent my
steps towards the old hotel in the Rue St.
Florentine, with a mind full of sad misgiv-
ings, for when, at a late hour of the even-
ing previous, I had quitted it, I had been
but slightly encouraged that another day
would be granted to its owner. The dull
grey dawn was just appearing over the tall
chestnut trees of the Tuilleries; all was si-
lent, and as I pulled the heavy bell the re-
verberation of its sound was almost unen-
derfully. The two stone figures of Silence which
guarded the portal, humid and dripping with
the morning fog, struck a chill to my soul,
and the huge lion reminded me of the mute
and motionless watchers sometimes carved
upon the gates of a sepulchre. I did not
stop at the porter's lodge to inquire news of
the night, for the first object that met my
eye was the physician's carriage, but ascended
with all speed the grand staircase I had
so often mounted with very different feel-
ings.

The ante-chamber was deserted, for the
anxious domestics had crowded, one and all,
to the apartment nearest to that of their be-
loved master, in order to obtain the earliest
information respecting the progress of his
malady. There never, perhaps, existed a
person who, with so little apparent effort,
possessed in so great a degree the power to
control the affection of his dependants. Of
those who were with him at that moment,
all, with few exceptions, had grown gray
in his service, while of those who had start-
ed in their career with him, in their early
life, none remained; he had lived to see
(he was past fourscore) all go down before
him to the grave. The prince was always ac-
customed to treat his chief domestics as per-
sons worthy of confidence. Many a sub-
ject of the highest importance, held in pro-
found secrecy in the bureaux of the foreign
office, has been discussed in all freedom of
speech before his valet de chambre. This
trust was never betrayed. The most re-
markable of the whole tribe was the vener-
able Courtiade, one to whom, by reason of
his long service, the prince allowed a great
latitude than to any other; his homely
remarks and shrewd observations afforded
him the greatest amusement. This man
had entered his service long before the first
revolution, accompanied him to America,
and died, "still in those voluntary bonds,"
during the embassy to London. It was said
that grief for being left in Paris, on account
of his age and infirmities, hastened his end.

I have been led to this digression, be-
cause the chief paths of the prince's death
arose out of the unaffected manifestations of
grief displayed by the humbler members of
the household; these honest expressions, in
the view of unsophisticated humanity, be-
long essentially to the character of the man.
I entered the chamber of the veteran states-
man; he had fallen into a profound slumber,
from which some amendment was argued
by the physicians. This lethargic sleep
continued for about an hour after my arrival,
and it was curious to observe, as time pass-
ed, the unconscious which was expressed
even by the nearest and dearest, (the chil-
dren of his brother,) lest this repose, how-
ever salutary, should last beyond the hour
fixed by the king to visit the dying man.

It was with some difficulty that he was
roused, and made to comprehend the event
that awaited him. He was lifted to receive
this great honor, as it was deemed, from
his reclining posture, and placed upright
on the edge of the bed, when, presented to
the hand upon the dial, his majesty entered
the apartment, followed by his sister, Ma-
dame Adelaide.

It was an historical picture, a study for a
painter to observe these two men seated
side by side. It was startling to turn from
the broad forehead, the calm, stolid coun-
tenance, with the long grey locks on both
sides of it, giving a strange majesty to death,
to the full vigor of the king's person, sur-
mounted by a well arranged wig, and the
whole ensemble *peu bourgeois*. At this
early hour of the morning he was attired,
according to custom, with the utmost pre-
cision. Despite the old faded dressing
gown of the one, and the elaborate costume
of the other, the veriest barbarian could
have told which was "the last of the nobles,"
and which the "First Citizen" of the empire.
His majesty was the first to break silence,
as in etiquette bound to do. It would be
difficult to define the expression which pass-
ed across his features as he contemplated
what might be called the setting of his guid-
ing star.

"I am very sorry, prince, to see you suf-
fering so much," said the king, in a low
tremulous voice, rendered almost inaudible
by extreme emotion.

"Sir, you have come to witness the last
desires of a dying man, and those who love
him can have but one wish—that of seeing
him shortly at an end"—was the reply.

This was uttered in a strong voice, which
age had not weakened, nor the approach of
death subdued. The effect of the speech,
brief as it was, was indescribable, for it was
expressed in a tone of speech which, those
who heard it, will not soon forget. The
royal visit of mere form, was of short du-
ration. It was evident that Louis Philippe

felt it to be an irksome occasion, and thus
he was at a loss to acquit himself satisfac-
torily. After a few words of consolation, he
rose to take his leave, visibly pleased that
the self-imposed task was at an end. Here
the prince, with his usual tact came to his
relief; slightly rising, and introducing to
his notice those by whom he was surrounded
—his physician, his secretary, and his prin-
cipal valet. A reminiscence of the old
cousin seemed to come across him, for with
his parting salutation he could not forbear
a compliment. "Sir, our house has re-
ceived, this day, an honor which my suc-
cessors will remember with pride and grati-
tude."

I must confess I was grievously disap-
pointed in the anticipations I had formed of
this visit. I had looked upon it as the grate-
ful farewell of the safely landed voyager to
the wise and skillful pilot who had steered
him successfully through rock and breaker,
and now was pushing off alone into hidden
depths to be seen no more. But no, there
was only the impatience, ill-concealed, of
one to whom the scene was painful. That
it was painful, who can doubt? There was,
too, an evident self-applause in the perform-
ance of a disagreeable duty; but not the
slightest expression of friendship and atten-
tion, such as I had presumed in some sort
to expect these great personages together. A
friend of mine, a man of sense and discern-
ment, to whom I made this observation, re-
plied, "It is plain that the king had no fear
to see him die; but wait awhile, and we shall
see that he will have reason to regret that
he should be dead."

It was a kind of relief during this con-
strained interview to perceive the anxious
feminine flurry of Madame Adelaide. She
seemed to suffer much uneasiness lest the
coldness of her royal brother should be no-
ticed, and endeavored, by a kindly display
of busy politeness, to make amends, as it
were, for what was wanting elsewhere.

I should not have dwelt thus minutely
upon the details of this occasion, had it not
been viewed in another light by many.—
Astonishment and admiration have been
expressed at this remarkable act of condes-
cension. On the part of Louis Philippe, as
though royalty were exempt from the debt
of manly and honorable gratitude. Not one
of the sovereigns under whom he had served
but would have hurried to the death-bed
of this, their great counselor.

Shortly after the departure of the king,
symptoms of dissolution became appar-
ent. The whole family immediately gathered
round the bed. The Duke de P. was then
among the number. So solemn was the mo-
ment, I could not divest myself of a sa-
tirical observation I remembered to have
been made by the prince upon this person-
age. Not long before the former had re-
ceived a ceremonial visit from the duke,
and after his formal leave-taking, he remark-
ed, "One would think by the duke's melan-
choly visage, he had been sent by an un-
dertaker to take orders for a funeral."

Towards the middle of the day, the prince
still breathing, I withdrew for a moment
from the close air of the chamber and passed
into the drawing room. Verily I was
astounded at the scene I there encountered.
Never shall I forget the transition from
the silent room, the bed of suffering, to that
crowded saloon. There "troops of friends,"
and all the elect, so regarded, of Parisian
society, were congregated. There was a
kind of busy politicians, with ribbons at
their button-holes, gathered about the fire;
their animated conversation, conducted in a
low tone, filled the apartment with its un-
ceasing murmur. I observed a few of the
diplomatist's oldest friends, who had come
hither from sincere concern for him, who
took no part in the conversation. In one
corner was seated a coterie of ladies discus-
sing topics entirely foreign to the time and
place. Sometimes a low burst of light
laughter would issue from among them, in
spite of the reprimanding "hush" which is
used from another quarter of the room.—
On the sofa, near the window, reclined the
young and beautiful Duchess de V. with a
bevy of the young beaux, all sitting round
her on the cushions of the divan.

All this carried me back to the days of
Louis Quatorze, and the death-bed of Car-
dinal Mazarin. There was the same indif-
ference, the same weariness of expectation.
Some were gathered there from respect to
the family, some from curiosity, some from
mere idleness, and a few from real friend-
ship. These last alone seemed to remem-
ber that a mighty spirit was passing from
earth, and that they were there assembled
during a mortal struggle. Presently, si-
lence fell upon all, for a door which led to
the prince's room opened, and one of the
servants entering, with a most portentous
countenance, went up to Dr. C., who had
accompanied me to the saloon, and whis-
pered a few words in his ear. They were
instantly comprehended. The physician
proceeded directly to the prince, and all
who were present crowded after him.—
M. Talleyrand was seated on the bedside,
reclining upon his secretary. He looked
round, and appeared to take cognisance of
all present. His face was lit up by an
expression which seemed to say, "I yield
to the last enemy; not conquered, but re-
ndering willingly." By many present
he was regarded with veneration and gra-
titude—by all with the involuntary homage
which true greatness ever commands. The
aged friend of his maturity, the fair young
idol of his age, knelt down together near
him, and if the words of comfort whispered
by the priest did not reach his failing sense,
it was because their sound was stifled by
the irrepressible sobs of those he loved.

Ere nightfall the chamber which had been
crowded to excess was emptied, and the
report had flown from it in every direction,
that Talleyrand was dead. The servants of
the tomb did their office, and when I en-
tered it in the evening, I found there only
a faithful servant, and a hired priest; the
latter murmuring prayers for the repose of
the departed soul. The deepest solemnity
pervaded the household; and while the body
remained in the hotel it was duly visited by
the servants. The interment did not take
place until the next week, when the corpse
was conveyed to the Church of the Assump-
tion, and then removed to the family vault
at Valency. I myself, in the meantime,
saw the cook, and all his retinue of help-
ers, in snow-white garments, daily proceed
to the chamber of death, kneel around the bed,
and each breathe a short prayer, then, after
sprinkling the corpse with holy water, quit
the room in the same order in which they
had entered it. There was something very
affecting in this expression of piety and
humble attachment.

I resolved to accompany the corpse to
Valency. In my long intercourse with
the departed, he had been all kindness to
me, and I wished to pay my last duty to
him. He was the last of his generation.—
Not long before the death of the prince, his
amiable, simple-hearted brother, the Duke
de Talleyrand, had paid the debt of nature.
They were to be interred in one common
tomb, together with the little Yolande, an
infant daughter of the Duke de V. The
body was accordingly removed at mid-

night from the Church of the Assumption,
upon a hearse resembling an ammunition
wagon. We arrived at Valency on the
third day after our departure from Paris;
and it was about ten o'clock at night that
the work and dust-covered hearse was de-
scribed winding its way up the long chestnut
avenue leading to the chateau. Every hon-
or which had been paid to the lord of the
manor during his life was now rendered
with scrupulous exactness to his lifeless
form.

The wide gates were thrown open to ad-
mit the sombre vehicle, which entered the
court as the stately carriage of other days.
The whole of the family, the heir of the do-
main, the duke de Valency, in advance of
the rest, were assembled on the person.—
The prince's nephew himself took his seat
in front of the hearse, to conduct it into the
town; the array of servants, and huntsmen,
and foresters, all following on foot, and
bearing torches, to the church wherein the
body was deposited, previous to the final
ceremony.

Early the next morning all was astir in
the burgh. Not a window but was crowd-
ed with spectators, and the footway was
choked with peasants from the neighboring
country, all dressed in their gayest attire.—
The National Guard of the town was astir
from the earliest hour in the morning; and
altogether so animated was the aspect of
the place, a stranger would have presumed
it was a feast day, and not a funeral. The
corpse of the Duke had been brought with
out parade from St. Germain, attended on-
ly by his physician. His coffin had none of
the usual trappings affixed to it, but the
difference was soon hidden from invidious
comparison; one pall covered the plain
planks and the rich velvet. A long stream
of melody arose to heaven, one prayer for
the repose of the brothers; alike for him
who died in wealth and honor, whose intel-
lect, powerful to the last, had exerted a vast
away over men's minds for more than half
a century, and for him who had closed his
eyes in solitude and neglect, while his mind
had sunk almost to fatuity.

Both were transported to the chapel of
St. Andre, founded by the prince himself,
and wherein he had placed the family vault.
His body was the first to descend, amid the
firing of muskets, and other noisy demon-
strations; then, in unbroken silence, slid
down the iron grating, the coffin of the Duke;
and last of all, that of the child Yolande.—
It was covered with white velvet, edged with
silver, and seemed rather the casket of a
lady's toilet than a receptacle of decay.—
The vault was closed, and all was over.—
Each one present had contributed to pay
the last tribute to a great man. We re-
turned to the chateau. The new master
had provided liberally for the refection of
all who had attended the funeral.

It was then we began to look around,
and to feel some curiosity to know who
had shared with us in rendering the last
homage to one, who was truly entitled to
the gratitude of the whole nation. We
gazed right and left; but few were to be
seen, and those few had served him faithful-
ly and well—the grateful domestic, the hum-
ble friend. But of all the great ones of the
earth, whom he had served, many of whom
owed him their greatness and their hon-
ors, there was not one!

There are two points in which it is sel-
dom equalled, never excelled—the classic
chasteness and delicacy of the features, and
the smallness and exquisite symmetry of
the extremities. In the latter respect, par-
ticularly, the American ladies are singular-
ly fortunate. I have seldom seen one, deli-
cately brought up, who had not a fine hand.
The feet are also generally very small and
exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a
Maryland girl, who, well aware of their
attractiveness, has a thousand little coquet-
ish ways of her own of temptingly exhibit-
ing them. That in which the American
women are most deficient is roundness of
figure. But it is a mistake to suppose that
well-rounded forms are not to be found in
America. Whilst this is the characteristic
of English beauty, it is not so prominent
a feature in America. In New England, in
the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania
and Maryland, and in the central val-
ley of Virginia, the female form is, gen-
erally speaking, as well rounded and de-
veloped as it is here; indeed a New England
complexion is, in nine cases out of ten, a
match for an English one. This, however,
cannot be said of the American women as a
class. They are, in the majority of cases,
over-delicate and languid; a defect chiefly
superinduced by their want of exercise. An
English girl will go through as much exer-
cise in a forenoon, without dreaming of fa-
tigue, as an American will in a day, and be
overcome by the exertion. It is also true,
that American is more evanescent than
English beauty, particularly in the south,
where it seems to fade ere it has well bloom-
ed. But is much more lasting in the north
and north-east; a remark which will apply
to the whole region north of the Potomac,
and east of the Lakes; and I have known
instances of Philadelphia beauty as lovely
and enduring as any that our own hardy
climate can produce.—*Macay's Western World.*

Dr. Knox and the Mexican-Infused Lady.
The most remarkable of all Saxon charac-
teristics is the utilitarian character of the
Saxon mind. They advise you to be
religious, were it only for the "economy" of
the thing—its utility—its profit. With
them, no doubt, occasionally, "holiness is a
great gain." I pointed out to an English
lady in the British Museum the fossil re-
mains of the monstrous tortoise sent from
England by Captain Gannett, and by my
Falconer, I called her attention to its al-
most incredible size, and the wonders of
creation unfolded to man by the fossil re-
mains already discovered. For a time she
was lost in thought; and then, with much
seriousness, inquired if the shell was in a
fit condition for the making of tortoise-shell
combs. True to her race, her utilitarian
mind made a direct application, in the right
direction.—*Dr. Knox (Medical Times).*

(From a Literary Journal.)
Unpublished Hoag.
BY THE LATE THOMAS HOAG.
There is the dew for the flower,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me!
There are tears for the many,
And pleasure for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But let our hearts agitate
Sits love between you and me!
Our love, that's not reckoned
Yet good it is to true;
It's half the world to me dear,
It's all the world to you!

The most worthless of all family treasures
are indolent families. If a wife knows noth-
ing of domestic duties beyond the parlor or
the boudoir, she is not a help-mate, but an
incumbrance.

A Walk Among the East of London Jews.
We had occasion the other day to wait
for a brief space near the India House, in
Leadenhall street. Time passes but slowly
with the listless loungers of the pave-
ment, so it did with us. We inspected
ten times over the stores of nautical instru-
ments, the masses of ready-made clothes
for the hurried emigrant, the libraries of
books of colonial interest, the plates of In-
dian and apocryphal battles, whereas most
of the shop-window in that most mark-
time of the city thoroughfares are stocked;
and at length, tired of what we saw, turned
down St. Mary Axe into the great Jewish
colony of London.

It is not a savory locality, the city Ghetto.
Picturesque and dirt, however, and
frequently go together, and here assuredly
were both. For hundreds of years the
labyrinth of small, crooked streets, blind
alleyways, and tortuous passages, ending in
tiresome cul de sacs, which stretches away
north of Leadenhall street, have been in-
habited, as it is inhabited now, by Jews.

The ancestors of the bearded men you meet
lived and died in those quaint, dirty, high-
gavelled houses about you. For hundreds
of years the Passover has been kept in
these streets, and the probability is, that it
will be observed there hundreds of years to
come. Everything about you is entirely
and essentially Jewish. Five minutes'
walk has brought you from a Christian
city to a Jewish colony. It is not a solitary
example of such isolated colonies.

Every now and then, in exploring the
swarming regions of Eastern London, you
come upon a cluster of Jewish lanes. You
may know them by the almost universally
opened windows, by the men and women
seated in chairs upon the pavement before
their dwellings—perhaps a memorial of
the patriarchal times, when every man sat
under his own fig-tree—by the dingy shops
of second-hand wares, the clusters of dirty
frilley hung from door-posts, the plates
of old-dried fish displayed in the cook-
shops, and the masses of old iron and rusty
brass, blurred with unwholesome
breath, and all the chaos of grimey odds
and ends which go to make up the stock in
trade of the dealer in marine stores.

The West End Jews are few and less
characteristic, being in general more or less
fallen out from the nation. Many, in point
of fact, are in no way distinguishable from
the classes of English gentry; they are in
reality Englishmen, only of Jewish de-
scendant, and of the ancient Hebrew faith,
and that such persons, not to speak of the
Jews generally, do not possess all the or-
dinary privileges of the British subjects,
is by no means creditable to our national
policy. To neither the Hebrew gentlemen,
nor the Hebrew merchants and tradesmen
in the central and western parts of the me-
tropolis, can we refer for the true Jewish
characteristics. We must look to the Jew
in the East as the true object of interest.

He lives where his father lived; he drives
the trade his father drove; he marries a
woman of his own race; and sends his
children to the synagogue to do after him
what he has done himself. Such is the
class of people you meet about the "Clothes
Mart" of Leadenhall street. To the eye
accustomed to the polished Judaism of the
Quadrant or the Haymarket, these East
End Caucasians appear exaggerated Jews.
Noses seem more hooked, ringlets more
greasily black, and eyes more piercingly
glutinous. Everything about this quarter
wears a dirty, slovenly, yet bustling aspect.

The houses are old and high, and appear
crumbling and falling away. There is a
stamp, faintly odor lingering over the whole
district. The glimpses you catch of old-
stained wooden panelings and dusty, moth-
eaten window curtains, bring up unpleasant
associations of spiders spinning undisturbed,
of ancient hereditary black beetles,
and other hunters of places unsavory.

These suspicious mansions are evidently
crowded from the ground to the roof. Un-
shorn men in their shirt-sleeves, smoke at
the opened windows; children go scream-
ing about to each other from house to house;
and knots of men, many of them bearded,
all of them black-headed and black-eyed,
lounge round the thresholds, bargaining and
disputing in that harsh, snivelling, Jewish
accent, which makes you somewhat doubtful
whether those who use it are speaking
English or no. And thus you find your
way along the gutters, amid soot and
vegetables, fish offals, well churned
trampled mud, and a host of other abomi-
nations, turning from one narrow, dirty
lane into another, watching glimpses of
close-confined courts and narrow, sordid
yards, with yellowish-hued linen flutter-
ing aloft from poles, and everywhere sur-
rounded by the same piles of high, grimey
scurvy, smoke-hoed, and reeking with hot,
fetid vapors.

At length, perhaps, you will turn unex-
pectedly into a small square. Instantly
you feel that you are in a new hemisphere.
Although still on Jewish ground, you have
left behind you the smell of fish, and the
frowzy odors of old clothes, to experience
in exchange an intense effusion of the per-
fume of oranges. You tread on something
soft, and perceive that you are trampling
upon a small mountain of orange-peel
mingled with mashes of soft and
decayed fruit. All round you are orange-
shops, or rather stalls—dark, dismal pas-
sages—on which you can see piles of the
fruit arranged upon low tables and coun-
ters, and superintended by dirty Jewish
boys, and as dirty Jewish matrons. You
are in the Orange Change, where all the
itinerant Hebrew dealers in the fruit come
to purchase their stocks, and whence they
roll it about on their barrows through all
wide London. The houses of the square
are of much the same class as those we
have been describing. A tavern at the cor-
ner boasts a sign, decorated with Hebrew
inscriptions and Jewish symbols; and if
you look about you will recognise, what
you never see on the dead walls of any
other parts of London, placards couched
partially, or altogether in the Hebrew
language, and addressed to the Jewish public.

Many of these documents relate to cakes,
meats, and other viands in exclusive use
amongst the Jews principally at their times
of religious festivity. You will be sure to
see advertisements of "Coster Rum," and
"Motoc"—the latter being, we believe,
the appellation of the Passover cakes of
unleavened bread. Here and there, too,
you will observe a newsvender's or book-
seller's shop, full of Hebrew literature, and
generally displaying in the windows the
extended sheets of Jewish journals, of which
there were, until lately, two, now reduced
to one; very little, if at all, known beyond
the Israelitish community.

Leaving the Grange Mart, and proceed-
ing some little way westward, we came
upon another distinctive feature of the dis-
trict—the Clothes Mart. Here is the very
centre of the trade carried on throughout
all London in old clothes. The tribe of
shabby, black-muzzled hawkers, who wan-
der from street to street, shouting their mo-

notorious chant of "Old clo!" bring their
treasures of cast-off raiment here. Run-
ning along and across broad yards, are
squares and rows of rickety old sheds,
with benches and frames for exposing the
peculiar merchandise to the best advan-
tages; whole streets or avenues, it may be
said, of a multitude of shabby-looking men,
chaffering over their wares, exalting or de-
precating their merits, disputing about the
texture of a stuff, accosting likely custom-
ers, pushing, bustling, laughing, and jok-
ing. The buyers and the sellers group,
and swarm, and cluster around throngs of
dark, milky-looking men, most of them
with their professional black-bags over their
shoulders. Nor, outside the mart, is the
activity and bustle less great: there vend-
ers and purchasers are seen going in groups
to cement their bargains in the low-browed
dark public-houses, the narrow street is
choked up by the carts and barrows of sel-
lers of vegetables and fish; slatternly wo-
men scream and scold over almsy piles of
founders, and soft, sodden lumps of salu-
nary, and cheap cook-shops are crowded by
armies of skimming; three-days-stewed
meat, and pies of unknown materials; bare-
footed urchins drive hard bargains with
apple-women and sellers of wheals and periw-
inkles deposited upon hampers at every cor-
ner. Alternating with these cheap provi-
sion-shops and stands are magazines of old
iron, brokers' establishments, and grimey
coal and potato sheds; while, crowding
backwards and forwards, chattering and
bawling, there swarms hither and thither
the coarse, dirty, Jewish population, only
broken here and there by the blue uniform
of the policeman, who stands with all his
eyes about him at the corner, or, flowing
stately forth, and the long, flowing robes
of the rabbi, as he slowly picks his way
amid his flock to the neighboring syna-
gogue.

Altogether the scene is a strange, but
not a pleasing one. Dirt is the prevailing
feature—in the street, dirt in the men
and women. Pity it is that of all their
Oriental costumes, cleanliness should be al-
most the only one which the Jews have en-
tirely forgotten. Yet they look content
and happy in their foulness; reflecting no
doubt, that as good a bargain can be made
in the tainted air, as in the wholesomest
breeze. That important point settled, the
Jews, although they make an article of
merchandise of soap, appear to consider
it as a commodity with which they have
no other necessary connection.—*Cham-
ber's Edinburgh Journal.*

Arkansas.
(From an article entitled "Arkansas and the
Arkansas Language" in the American Review.)
The origin and perpetuity of many of
our queer and out-of-the-way phrases, may
be traced to the semi-annual meetings of
gentlemen of the bar at the courts of our
Southern and Western States.

These gentlemen, living as they do in
the thinly inhabited portion of our land,
and among a class of persons generally
very far from their inferiors in point of edu-
cation, rarely enjoying anything that may de-
serve the name of intellectual society, are
too apt to seek for amusement in listening
to the droll stories and odd things always
to be heard at the country store or bar-
room. Every new expression and queer
tale is treasured up, and new ones man-
ufactured against the happy time when they
shall meet their brothers-in-law at the ap-
proaching term of the district court.

If ever pure fun, broad humor, and
"laughter holding both his sides," reign
supreme, it is during the evening of these
sessions. Each one empties and distributes
his well-filled budget of wit and oddities,
receiving ample payment in like coin, which
he pouches, to again disseminate at his ear-
liest opportunity.

Although we may lay down as a general
rule, that the same words and phrases pre-
vail through the South and West, yet al-
most every State has its local peculiarities;
Texas, for instance, the large admixture
of Spanish words; Louisiana of French; Geor-
gia and Alabama borrow many from the
Indians. North Carolina is notorious for
a peculiar flatness of pronunciation in such
words as "crop," "corn," "car," "corn,"
"pearl for 'pear,' &c. "I allow," meaning
"I think," "I consider," is, we believe of
Alabama origin, and so is that funny ex-
pression, *done gone, done done*, implying
"already gone," and "already done." In
Virginia, many of the lower class pro-
nounce *th* as *d*—*dat* for "that," *dar* for
"there," *dis* for "this."

These and other similar delicacies may
be traced to the fact that all children are
inclined to make companions of the ne-
groes, listen to queer rambling tales, ac-
company them upon their "coon hunts," &c.,
and thus acquire a negro style of pronun-
ciation, and many negro words that nothing,
save a good education, can eradicate, and
even that does not always perfectly suc-
ceed.

There are two great and distinct classes
in the United States, the Yankee and the
Virginian; the former occupying the New
England States, and thence spreading in
almost every direction, claiming a great por-
tion of the State of Ohio, and even a share
of Indiana and Illinois, although in these
two last mentioned States the southern pecu-
liarities of speech are more common; the
latter properly commencing at that imagin-
ary division, "Mason and Dixon's line," and
thence running "south and west." The in-
termediate States are divided between the
two. Although New York, Pennsylvania,
and New Jersey, have been well inoculated
with a solid basis of Dutch and Swedish
in their infancy, yet save here and there some
stray neighborhood of ancient Hollanders or
sturdy Swedes, whose manners, customs,
and language, our intrusive Yankees have
been unable to corrupt, a few terms and
phrases that have crept into general use
alone give token that a foreign tongue once
reigned over so large a section of our
land.

The distinction between these two great
classes (the Yankee and the Virginian) is
so wide and so clearly drawn, as to be vi-
sible and palpable to every casual observer.
Should one, however, ever hesitate as to the
place of nativity of one of our free and en-
lightened citizens, there exists a test, which,
potent as the spear of Ithuriel, will dispel
all clouds of doubt that may overshadow
his mind. Let the person in question be
requested to give an opinion upon any sub-
ject. Should he guess, write him down a
Yankee; does he reckon, you may swear
him a Southern. The Yankee guesses, the
Southern reckons, which our New England
friend never does, except by and with the
aid, assistance, and advice, of that etim-
able arithmetician and pedagogue, Nathan
Daboll, Esq. Per contra, however, the
Yankee calculates, and pretty shrewdly al-
so, while the Southern allows. The one
wouldn't wonder if some expected event
should take place, while the other more ar-
dent and careless of assertion, "goes his
death upon it" that it will. To the latter,
drawing his comparison from his idolized

Arkansas, a thing is "as sure as shooting," while
to the former, more pious or more hypocri-
tical, it is "as sure as a prayer." The
one will be "darned," and the other "darned,"
both evading an oath in nearly the same
manner, the only difference being the sub-
stitution of one vowel for another. Should
this asseveration require additional force, the
Northern man will be "gaul darned," and
the Southern "dod darned."—A curious per-
version of sacred names to ease the con-
science while giving vent to one's temper.
In fact, it is almost impossible, among the
many corruptions of language of which
both are guilty, to cite an expression in
which some slight but marked difference
does not exist.

To the Northern man, every silicious mass
is a stone, be it large enough to weigh a ton,
while the Southern ignores the word *in toto*,
and calls everything of that description a
rock, though no larger than a midge's wing.
The application of this word is extremely
indiscriminate, to one whose ears are unaccus-
tomed to it, and we remember laughing heartily
at the idea of picking up a rock to throw
at a bird. When man or boy, biped or
quadruped, bird or beast, is pelted, the un-
fortunate recipient of projectile favors is
said to be *rocked*, unless indeed wood be
put in requisition, and then he is said to be
chucked.

In Arkansas, however, the term *donch*
usurps the place of either rock or stone.—
That touching and popular Southern ballad,
"Rosin the bow," concludes in these
pathetic words:

"Then fetch me a couple of donchs,
Place 'em at my head and my toe,<